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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHY.

I thought to have gathered many a bloom
From a rose tree I planted one sweet spring day;
  Ah me! I forgot
  And watered it not,
And the soft buds withered away.
I thought as I looked at my heaped up corn,
"I will sow it broadcast—this rich, golden grain!"
  Ah me! I let it lay,
  And it withered away,
And harvest time reaps me no gain.
I still wish for roses—my rose tree is dead;
I wish still for harvest—and hunger for bread;
I cry for the old love—the old love is fled;
I sowed not—I reaped not—God's judgment is said.

—L. Hereward.

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THE SPIRIT IN WHICH PRAYER FOR PEACE SHOULD BE OFFERED.

President Wilson's proclamation designating Sunday, October the 4th, as a day of prayer for peace among the warring nations of Europe, is known to all readers of The Pacific.

The prayers, of course, will be with those words of Christ in mind, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

We do not believe that it is sacrilegious to say that it is not at all certain that God wants this war to come to an end speedily. War is horrible. God doesn't desire war; he doesn't make war. Men make it and are responsible for it. But no one can read the history of the world and conclude otherwise than that good has been accomplished by war which could not, seemingly, have been accomplished in any other way. It is said in sacred writ: "The wrath of man shall praise Him."

We recall Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural address —the words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

It is far from evident that any of the contending parties in this European war have as yet arrived at that state of mind and heart in which, if the war should end at once, any real and lasting good would come to the world. Each is confidently asserting that right is on its side, and that God should accordingly give victory to its arms.

As we write, the odds are on the side of the Allies; and with the probabilities of victory on that side, voices are already raised in warning in England against such reprisals as some of the leaders have outlined. Has England been chastened yet so that in the event of victory for her the people will work for the inauguration of a reign of human brotherhood throughout Europe and the world?

Since the conflict began The Pacific has endeavored to lead its readers to look back of Austria's demands of Servia, back of Germany's breach of faith in disregarding the neutrality of Belgium, to the underlying causes.

Almost every day we come across things which ought to make people pause and consider whether their preconceived ideas are just as they should be.

In March of this year there was published by Sir Thomas Barclay, an eminent Englishman, his Anglo-French Reminiscences in which he tells of a friendly visit which he made to Berlin ten or twelve years ago, and of an address which he gave in the interests of closer bonds between the British and the Germans.

He writes: "If England had responded at the time to the German tender of friendship instead of treating it with scornful indifference there might have been no German rivalry today in naval armaments!"

Sir Thomas Barclay is the man back of the **entente cordiale**; he was long time the Paris correspondent of the London Times, and president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris—a distinguished and influential Englishman in various ways.

This is but one of many things indicating that future historians are going to go deeper into the causes of the war than most people have gone as yet.

All down through history events are found linked with causes somewhat remote. Probably Blaine would have been president of the United States if he had not in early years in Congress compared Conkling with a strutting Turkey gobler.

It is gratifying to find from time to time some admisions in London papers that Britain's intervention may not be justified, and that Germany is not wholly blamable.

It is to be hoped that victor and vanquished will learn lessons in this war which will advance the principles and teachings of the Man of Nazareth over all the earth.

The following from an editorial in the British Congregationalist is a sign of promise:

"There are still a considerable number of people in our own churches who appear to be by no means satisfied that the intervention of ourselves in the war to save Belgium and to preserve France from being crushed by German aggression is justified. We have received a large number of letters, which may be roughly divided into two classes—those whose writers, while abhoring war, yet clearly see and understand the policy that has actuated German diplomacy and armaments for at least a decade past; and those whose writers look upon Germany as a potential friend and as a country standing for civilization and progress of high order.

"We feel that it would be unwise just now to devote space to a controversy concerning these two opposite views that would undoubtedly give rise to bitterness and misunderstanding. As a nation we must in this crisis in our history stand firmly shoulder to shoulder, and obviously leave criticism and fault-finding in relation to policies and men until happier and more peaceful times prevail."

The editorial from which this quotation is made goes

on to say: "For ourselves—and we believe this view is shared by the vast majority of the members of our Congregational Churches and those of the Free Churches generally—the justification for intervention in this war rests upon two facts. The first of these is that if national security is to be maintained obligations in the nature of treaties entered into between nations must be observed. In private and commercial life the repudiation of a bargain and the high-handed breaking of a ratified promise for considerations either of personal gain or convenience is usually stigmatised in no measured terms and would not be tolerated. The second is that the outcome of the war, in which the chief nations of Europe are so fiercely engaged, will decide whether Europe is to have a long period of peace, and is to turn her energies to the arts of peace and progress, or is to be laid beneath the heel of a military despotism more cruel crushing, and soul-destroying than anything the world has yet experienced.

"That is the plain choice. We may have each our individual views as to whether diplomacy differently inspired and otherwise conducted could or could not have avoided the present conflict, but for ourselves we believe that under the conditions prevailing—lamentable conditions, we admit—the struggle was sure to come."

The Pacific attempts no justification of Germany for her breaking of the treaty—only calling attention again to the fact that it was done in the desperation of a great fear—but we wish our British friends and all others would not forget the indisputable fact that even if the neutrality of Belgium had not been disregarded the British government would have gone to war in defense of the balance of power, which a London clergyman has aptly and rightly called a "foul idol" and "a pagan policy."

We like the address which was given at Westminster Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Clifford at the time of the official prayer service of the National Free Church Council. He remarked in the course of his address:

"God is our refuge and strength, a present help in trouble. We re-affirm our faith in Him, not as a matter of question, but as a matter with which we challenge all doubts and misgivings and fears. 'The Lord is my light: whom shall I fear?' Each morning makes the world a little more strange to us, but though the position is strange, our faith is not strange. God has been through all the years of the past, and wars have been in them. We need all rejoice in that we know God, the All-Righteous, All-Merciful, All-Wise, All-Living, sitting above the floods, controlling the pride and passion of man. We know God as revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord, reconciling the world unto Himself; and though the mystery is too deep for us to fathom, you I dare not push away from myself this cup of comfort which is held out—the thought that even this very war may be one of the means by which God is reconciling the world unto Himself through His Son. It will be if we use it rightly.

"This ought to be a time of spiritual self-searching," continued Dr. Clifford, and suggested several questions which should be matter for thought. "Have we no share in the guilt that has produced this state of war? Have we yielded too readily to the false theory that the end of the State and the end of life is material well being, and so have fostered the falsehood out of which this gigantic vampire has sprung? Have we not acted as though the difference between the rich and the poor in the churches was a moral reality? Have we really believed that our Saviour is the Prince of Peace, and that His Kingdom is a kindom of peace, and that no proof of sonship is so clear and strong as that of peace-making? Have we not failed to give the advocacy of peace among the nations the supreme place amongst our activities? Have we believed that all our resources of Christianity should be applied to the redemption and regeneration of our whole social order? Have we striven as we ought for the sovereignty of Christ Jesus in the whole life of man against the insurgent materialism in thought and practice which has at last yielded this tremendous harvest? 'Search me, O God!'"

It is to be hoped that there will be many in England to pray the prayer, "Search me, O God!" At the least there has been some blundering statecraft. In the last few days it has come to light that Sir Edward Grey concealed from the British House of Commons and from the British people the fact that the German Ambassador had declared that Germany probably would guarantee both the integrity of France and her colonies if Great Britain would agree not to intervene. William Bayard Hale, a noted student of international affairs, says: "The entrance of Great Britain into the conflict in the face of the guarantee she was offered, constituted the final act of an unparalleled record of blundering statecraft. Its effect was to solidify the German people in a fervid and universal belief that the war was a holy one for the defense of the very existence of the German fatherland against a conspiracy of encircling foes."

GOD AND WAR.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn On Theology's Hardest Problem.

Last Sunday evening Dr. Van Horn spoke in his pulpit in the First Congregational Church of Oakland on "God and War—Theology's Hardest Problem." He said in part:

Theology's hardest problem rises out of trouble. The bewildered orphan, the widow through her tears demand of the preacher of divine goodness, What has God to do with this? And he dare not dodge the question. But war is trouble intensified. It makes widows wholesale and orphans by the hundred thousand! What has God to do with this? And we cannot dodge. Now, if ever, we must give a reason for the faith that is in us. For we are people of faith. Hard as it may be to believe in God, one thing is harder—not to believe. Not blind chance rules, or inexorable law, but intelligence: there must be a Reason.

Now we are challenged that Christianity has failed, told that under the blight of war civilization has been defeated, that the hands of progress have been turned back. Yes, but the clock has not stopped, for its mainspring is the purpose of the Infinite God. And I challenge all the forebodings of this awful time with certain cheering considerations:

1. We have learned to take the long look. Not 6,000 years, but 60,000 have men been on the earth. The statement does not shock us as it would our fathers. We see that the divine plan is exceeding long, that a life time, a century is a tiny segment of the great circle. We may indeed be "paying for this awful folly a thousand years hence," but with God—and humanity—a thousand years are but as one day. He has time aplenty for his plan.

2. Most of this vast stretch of time past has been full of crisis and catastrophe, and yet humanity has made wonderful progress. Thus, Mulhall tells us that 500 years ago the population of all Europe was 50,000,000—about that

of each of the great contending powers of today. About 500 years ago began the Hundred Years War. At the battle of Crecy, 35,000 English defeated 70,000 French, of whom 30,000 were killed. Proportionately these armies were as large as those of today, while not the wildest reports claim the killing of one-third of all combatants. And Crecy the beginning of a century of such fighting!

Again Bodio asserts that the entire population of the world at the death of Augustus Caesar was 54,000,000. Of these perhaps one-third were in Europe. Fifty years before Julius Caesar at Bitracte met 358,000 Gauls and killed all but 110,000. That is, dividing "All Gaul into three parts," he killed two-thirds—no taking of prisoners in those days! No Red Cross, no hospitals, no speedy recovery from wounds and fevers! Even as late as our Civil War eight men died of sickness to every one killed in battle. What must the ancient nations have been?

This war may be terrible, but so have been other wars, the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Hundred Years' War, the Napoleonic wars. And still humanity has made progress! Instead of 50,000,000 in Europe, as 500 years ago, now there are 400,000,000. The world population of 54,000,000 in Caesar's time is now a billion and a half—doubling since Waterloo! And despite war's slaying of the best there has come out of these awful centuries the arts and sciences, the culture and civilization of the 20th Century. Nature has vast recuperative power. God has never been defeated. His plan goes on, hindered oft but never seriously harmed.

3. Be it remembered also that Christianity is a new factor in the problem; 2,000 years is a small part of 100,000! And of these twenty centuries, Christianity as an active, organized world-propaganda has been at work for one century. And as a gospel of peace Christianity has been actually proclaimed for about one-fourth of a century. For nearly nineteen centuries the Church believed in war as a factor of progress. But what a response this true gospel of the Prince of Peace has found in these last two decades! The hearts of the people have leaped to it. The people of these warring nations did not want to fight; and when the fighting is over, those who at heart love peace will speak in tones which kings and emperors will heed. God, as a father, a teacher, has been leading man as fast as man would go. If at last he has learned his sad, hard lesson—to hate war as God hates it—then in this new era the gospel will have such a chance at this old world as it has never had. The new earth in which righteousness is to dwell is coming—slowly, to be sure, for even God cannot over-hasten stubborn man—but it comes, in time—in His time.

"But if twenty millions of summers are stored in the sunlight, still
We are far from the noon of man; there is time for the race to grow.
Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning age of ages,
Shall not eon after eon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finished—man is made.'"

"A FAMOUS VICTORY!"

Worth recalling just now, when a war is on which should not have been, is Southey's poem on the Battle of Blenheim.

Old Kaspar's grandchildren had found a skull that had been plowed up in a field that had once been a battleground. When the grandchildren heard of the war their plea was to be told the why of it. And then the poem runs:

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother there
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

It is to be hoped that some good will come out of the present war, and that everybody will be able to see it. We hope it will be a federated Europe, looking toward a federation of the world. The United States of the World! It will come sometime. Tolstoi's reported vision led on to a reign of world-wide brotherhood. It was not at all strange that a Mongolian-Slav was to lead in the movement toward it. This is hardly thinkable to such of our people as dislike the Mongolians and are determined to keep barriers between them and us. But God, we were told of old, is no respecter of persons. With him it is worth that counts and on the earth worth will wear the crown some day, no matter in what race it is found.

LIQUOR CONSUMPTION IN LICENSE STATES AND PROHIBITION STATES.

In her address at the San Francisco Congregational ministers meeting on Monday Miss Brehm remarked that the brewers and other liquor men often said that prohibition does not prohibit, and that the traffic goes on just as bad under prohibition laws as under license, and without the revenue which the later affords. However, she remarked, they did not say this in their conventions where they planned to fight most desperately every movement against the traffic. And in that connection she read some statistics which were given at a recent convention of brewers in the East, and later sent out to only those supposed to be friends of the traffic.

License States Per Capita Consumption.

The figures were as follows for the per capita consumption in the license states, according to shipments:

States	Gallons
California	16.65
Michigan	17.68
Massachusetts	19.99
Kentucky	21.37
Indiana	23.89
Connecticut	24.62
Delaware	25.56
Ohio	29.45
Pennsylvania	31.91
Missouri	36.92
Illinois	39.13
New Jersey	39.87
New York	45.01
Wisconsin	64.51

Per Capita Consumption in Prohibition States.

The per capita consumption in prohibition states, according to shipments was:

States	Gallons
Maine	5.45
Tennessee	3.62
Georgia	1.55
South Dakota	1.35
North Dakota	1.35
Alabama	.09
Mississippi	.09
North Carolina	.01
Oklahoma	.00
Kansas	.00

It will be observed that Maine has the highest per capita among the prohibition states. This is accounted for from the fact that it is a great summer resort for the East, and people who go there for the summer have liquors shipped into them.

But what is that in contrast with even the lowest in license states! The lowest is 16.65; the highest 64.57.

IN THE PATH OF DUTY.

In the path of duty grows many a thorn,
And bleak is the scorn of a selfish world;
But there never was night without its morn,
And after the tempest the clouds are furled;
For over all spreadeth the bright blue sky,
And we trust in our God, who is always nigh.

—William Winter.

GOING TO CHURCH.

Roy H. Campbell.

If I should put a fitting word in front of my journey to express the place it holds in my mind it could be none less than "momentous." It was not to Madagascar or Afhganistan. It was merely across the rails polished by a dozen trains a day through cities, mountains and villages which your own eyes have appraised no doubt many time. But it was a maiden voyage—the first out of sound or smell of the Pacific. Great cities read about, dreamed about, had to be seen; subways and elevates had to be experienced and the whole wide stretch of my own country had to leisurely introduce itself day by day through a full month before the Atlantic came in sight. Now that is a wonderful thing to do, no less so, because others have done it and it was a new thing to do because a new person was doing it.

A full scene is made up of two parts—the scenery which the eyes take in and the person owning the eyes. Lake Louise in those tumbled Canadian Rockies is a different creature in the eyes of an artist kindling to its lovely beauty than in those of an Indian gathering driftwood on the shore. Without suggesting that I belong to one class rather than the other this will explain the acceptance of the Pacific's invitation "to write one or two brief sketches of your trip east."

Of course my work sends me to church each Sunday. But if it did not I am sure that I would go. Perhaps both services would not claim me each Sunday but a majority of the services of the year would. I would go not from any sense of duty. It is better by far to stay home than to go only through a sense of duty. Indeed there is no sense of any kind in going that way. It is no better than the way the Pharisees in the New Testament scriptures did who merited and received Christ's rebuke for just that sort of thing. The value of going to church lies alone in the fact that one enjoys going and coming into the house of God, while any other attitude lowers the temperature for a dozen pews around. It damages others. On a hot Sunday then in Chicago I attended church three times. In the morning I shared the great expanse of the Auditorium with two or three thousand other worshippers under the leadership of Dr. Gunsaulus. In the afternoon I allied myself for a season with the followers of Voliva the prophet of Zion. In the evening I was with the throng on the lake shore turning my steps when the sun had set and a breeze from the water had cooled the air to the interior of the Fourth Presbyterian church across the way. Before I had left California I knew that I was to be in that church on that very evening, and the train schedule not failing me, and my intention not growing cold along the way there I was following an usher up the long quiet aisle.

If I did not have to go to church to do my work I would go for the following reasons First, because of the people I am likely to meet. They are not cynical people. They believe that the world is going up rather than down and that behind the outside of it, in the inner recesses of its machinery, is one whose steady neverfailing hand is on the throttle. Even in these dreadful days when the lyddite shell is consuming tons of warm flesh and blood they hold fast the stiffening qualities of that idea. No other company on the face of the earth creates such a tonic atmosphere as the worshippers in a church. Second. The sense of God is there. He is just as much out on the tennis court no doubt or in the bedroom with its scattered Examiner pages, or in

the dust of the automobile on the state highway at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, but his form is dimmer than it is in church. Just as the fragrant memory of some lost face comes out of the lines of an old letter, or some deep experience stands suddenly revealed with the strains of a familiar song, or as the scent of a violet pictures before us some intimate scene, so here with its deeper values comes the sense of God.

The hymns, the prayers, the quiet aspirations of other hearts, felt rather than heard, bring in the one to whom all this is addressed. His presence gives hope, courage, and a joy that cannot be beaten down. Third. Because I would hear a sermon. The poorest stick of a man who abides a week or even a couple of days in the presence of some verse of the Bible has a message for me. His life has been shaped by the leaping victory of a Psalm, has taken color from the tender words of the Master, or has been fired with the high moral resolve of some prophet. No other than I know about has put himself in such a relation for my sake. He may be a poorer man than I am even in many a given trial, but for this hour he stands reinforced with a new strength and through his words it comes to me. I went to the church near the Lake for all these things and in no one was I disappointed. John Timothy Stone is there. His name I discover is written in the Chicago directory in just the same size letters as those of the milk man who bears the same patronymic. That seemed a shame at first but I am not sure but that the census taker is quite right. Dr. Stone is not one of these men who stick out in a crowd and make everybody around feel about up to their knees. His personality is in no sense of the overpowering kind. Indeed the people, the choir, the building itself seemed just as much a part of that which was transpiring on that corner of the street as did the leader. I heard Dr. Gunsaulus, Dr. Black, Billy Sunday and the reader of Mother Church but Dr. Stone's sermon I remember best of all. It was simple both in construction and thought. It was simple in delivery and faith. Indeed it was almost as simple as some of the talks of the Master. I remember he was going to have a service early Sunday mornings, beginning the next Sunday for servant girls. He said they had to be back home to cook or prepare for the Sunday noon meal and he thought they ought to have a service of their own, from which they would not have to hurry away. It helps to go to church there and I judge that is the reason that so many were there on a summer Sunday evening. Sometime I am going again.

SOME REFLECTIONS FROM THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON OF A VETERAN PREACHER.

A few weeks ago the Rev. E. S. Hill, pastor of the Congregational Church at National City, California, preached a sermon which marked the forty-eighth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry.

Dr. Hill has had two pastorates during those forty-eight years. The first at Atlantic, Iowa, which lasted for forty years, during which time he received 800 persons to church membership, more than half on confession of faith. The second, at National City, after a period of rest at Redlands. He is one of the good gifts of Iowa to California which were mentioned a few months ago in The Pacific.

The latter part of this anniversary sermon was devoted to some reflections, and we make quotations as follows:

"First, there is nothing else the preacher likes to do so well as preach. It is the largest thing in the world, it has the most direct line between cause and ultimate result of any work. It is teaching, with all truth to draw from, plus persuasion, to be all that is desirable in life. It is bringing back prodigals to their Father's home, and restoring to the fallen sons and daughters of God their divine heritage. A conversion is an event in a minister's life that makes it a red letter day forever.

"And sermons, the glow of preparation, when there is a glow, is the finest intellectual delight, the supreme luxury in glorious hours. At other times the dull grind, on a dry shore where no thought-waves beat, is a misery the preacher learns to expect. Then, preaching when God is the preacher and truth runs through the preacher's brain and heart just to get the human flavor and seasoning, such times make him believe in heaven.

"True sermons are not made, they are born in travail of heart and brain, they are like the flame in the bush when truth is a fire shut up in the bones. But those times are not all the time. Sometimes thoughts run with the automobile rush; and it is wonderful; sometimes like an auto with a punctured tire. Good preachers do not preach old sermons. The people who make sermons do. The people who preach thoughts that are alive do not try to keep them alive in pickle. A sermon won't be preached the second time; they die the first time, and the next time is the second death. When one says, just turn over your barrel, I think he finds my preaching as stale as his joke, and I feel like turning him over to stand on his head as the flattest part of him.

"In the long years I have known a great many ministers, many of them on the most intimate terms. I have seen them with their hearts wrong side out; I know the heart of a minister. Ministers are men, and when they lose their manliness they ought to get out of the ministry. They are not angels with wings to keep them from wearing sleeves on their black coats. But the more I know of ministers the higher they stand in my thought.

"The criticisms about seeking big churches and big salaries, and preaching for money, sometimes have some truth in them, but they have least weight with the people who use the most thought upon them. I guess preachers like to be loved not babied, and they are willing to pass for what they prove themselves to be. They ask nothing for the cloth. In one of my bad spells I perpetrated this:

Ambition oft may urge a man,
Through motives vain and sinister,
To make himself a clergyman,
And cease to be a minister.

"But the manly man wants to feel that he is the helper of hearts, that he is a force and influence for good in people's lives, an encourager to the discouraged, a comforter of the sad, and so far as people think of him as in some way an ideal, he stands the straighter and does the nobler work.

"Paul wrote to his Corinthian friends, Receive me that I may boast a little. If the people don't brag about their preacher, which for their own good they ought to do as much as they can, he has to do it himself as he does some other parts of their neglected duties.

"In the forty-eight years in which I have probably preached forty-eight hundred sermons, I have not preached once on the smallness of ministers' salaries, nor ever ask-

ed for an increase in my own, nor set a price that I must have. I have never told the people that preachers are abused or neglected. I have never lost a sermon on account of illness. Since coming here this time I have not failed to be in this pulpit every Sunday. If I should tell you of the duties neglected, of the mistakes through carelessness that come close to sin, you would not get home for supper. I will not find fault with myself unduly, but trust you to attend to that as much as I want it done.

"I have been with you nearly five years. I am conscious of your indulgence, but if you ever tell me about it I shall quit. All you have to do is to say Old man, with the accent on the offensive word and you will be delivered.

"Mighty changes have occurred in the last half century. God has been pushing repair work on the world. We are in the presence of mighty events in the livest century since time began. Public opinion, the avalanche of ideas, is forcing reforms. Evil is shaking in its ancient seats. The seeming infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of a new truth is waning. Religion and learning are getting together. We do not throw the book at the rock, which is often an older bible. We are approaching the age of reason in religion. The best thinkers are most likely to be Christians. Right learning is not in rebellion against Christ, the Teacher of teachers. All true thinking, all right-mindedness leads to reverence and loyalty to God.

"Increased publicity in life is hunting crime and folly out of their caves and dens, and folly and the rule of reasonless fashion wilt like marsh plants in the light of ridicule. The heart of humanity as a whole is sound. The primal instincts are inviolate. There are very few things in the world that are not better than fifty years ago, and it seems that great changes are imminent. There is a whisper in the air, a moaning in the rocks, ominous of changes that will surprise the world. Christianity is coming out of the temple to see the people on the street, and service is rising above services in the ritual of love. The advance of womanhood in prerogative and honor is in the line of true evolution in which the physical and material give place to the mental and the spiritual. Our great problems are to be settled, and settled right. They could be quieted quicker if we did not have to do it right. Forced settlements rest on dynamite foundations. The larger thought, the broader plan that thinks in terms of the universe and the ages, and eternity, is the basis for the hope of righteous peace.

The truth of God is growing bright,
And evil withers in its sight.

"It is the young man's age, and yet gray heads are doing the world's best thinking. Edison and Burbank and many others show that brains well stirred do not grow stale. Still the world loves the young man, because it loves a lover, because it delights in freshness and growth. Young or old, let us be in the front rank. Keep abreast the swift advance of thought and do not fail to see every surprise as it springs, but look for the free day of God and the coming of His faultless kingdom.

There's creaking in the groves of change,
Old ways yield place to new and strange;
Nothing can greatly mar the plan
While God is God and man is man.

Every man has a circle of acquaintances, but they are not always square.

THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF FRIENDS ON WAR AND PEACE.

An interesting message with reference to the European war was issued recently in London by the Religious Society of Friends. The society, the message says, recognize that the British government made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller state towards which it had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a society, they stood firmly to the belief that the method of force was no solution of any question, they held that the moment was not one for criticism, but for devoted service to the nation.

The message continues—"In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of His Kingdom. Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated.

Conditions Unchristian.

"I. The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. The war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no church, no individual can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions.

"2. In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. . . . Christ is crucified afresh today. If some forsake him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with him come what may.

"3. This we may do by continuing to show the spirit of love for all. . . . In pity and helpfulness toward the suffering and stricken in our own country we shall all share. If we stop at this 'what do we more than others.' Our Master bids us pray for and love our enemies. May we be saved from forgetting that they too are the children of our Father. May we think of them with love and pity. . . . To do this is in no sense unpatriotic. We may find ourselves the subjects of misunderstanding. But our duty is clear—to be courageous in the cause of love and the hate of hate. . . .

"4. It is not too soon to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. . . . We have built up a culture, a civilization, and even a religious life, surpassing in many respects that of any previous age, and we have been content to rest it all upon a foundation of sand. Such a state of society cannot endure so long as the last word in human affairs is brute force. Sooner or later it was bound to crumble.

Task of Reconstruction.

"At the close of the war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. . . . From this point of view we may even see a ground of comfort in the fact that our own nation is involved. No country will be in a position which will compel others to struggle again to achieve the inflated standard of military power existing before the war. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation —mutual trust and goodwill. . . . Is it too much to hope for that we shall, when this time comes, be able as brethren together to lay down far-reaching principles for the future such as will insure us forever against a repetition

of this gigantic folly? If this is to be accomplished it will need the united and persistent pressure of all who believe in such a future for mankind. . . . In time of peace all nations have been preparing for war. In time of war let all men of goodwill prepare for peace. . . .

"5. If this is to happen it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it to crush and humiliate any nation.

"6. We believe in God. . . . If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that the sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without putting up our prayer to Him that He will lead His family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him, whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory."

NOT SONS OF GOVERNMENTS, BUT SONS OF GOD.

A Timely Message From Tolstoy.

Whoever you may be—Frenchman, Russian, Pole, Englishman, Irishman or Bohemian—understand that all your real interests, whatever they may be—agricultural, industrial, commercial, artistic, scientific—as well as your pleasures and joys, in no way run counter to the interests of other peoples or States; and that you are united, by mutual co-operation, by interchange of services, by the joy of wide brotherly intercourse, and by the interchange not merely of goods but also of thoughts and feelings, with the folk of other lands. Understand that the question as to who manages to seize Wei-Hai-Wei, Port Arthur, or Cuba—your Government or another—does not affect you. . . Understand that your life can in no way be bettered by Alsace becoming German or French, and Ireland or Poland being free or enslaved—whoever holds them, you are free to live where you will, if even you be an Alsatian, an Irishman, or a Pole. Understand, too, that by stirring up patriotism you will only make the case worse, for the subjection in which your people are kept has resulted simply from the struggle bewteen patriotism, and every manifestation of patriotism in one nation provokes a corresponding reaction in another. Understand that salvation from your woes is only possible when you free yourself from the obsolete idea of patriotism and from the obedience to governments that is based upon it, and when you boldly enter into the region of that higher idea, the brotherly union of the peoples, which has long since come to life, and from all sides is calling you to itself.

If people would but understand that they are not the sons of some fatherland or other, nor of Governments, but are sons of God, and can therefore neither be slaves nor enemies one to another—those insane, unncessary, worn out, pernicious, organizations called Governments, and all the sufferings, violations, humiliations, and crimes which they occasion, would cease.

Every human being whom we approach should be better for us.—Wililam Ellery Channing.

NEW BOOKS.

My Daily Meditation. By John Henry Jowett. Dr. Jowett, who is pastor of the Fifth Av. Presbyterian Church of New York, sends forth this volume with the hope that it will lead to such practical meditation on the Word of God as will supply vision to common tasks, and daily nourishment to the conscience and will.There is a scripture text and a brief meditation for each day of the year. In the one on "Waiting for the Spectacular", we read: "It is a great day when we discover our God in the common bush. That day is marked with glory when our daily bread became a sacrament. When we enjoy a closer walk with God common things will wear the hues of heaven.' Again: "In the ways of the Lord I shall find the gracious gift of peace. Not that the road will be always smooth, but that I may be always calm. . . . I can journey in holy serenity because the Lord of the road is with me. For peace consists not of circumstances, but in friendship with the Lord." **(F. H. Revell Company, New York, $1.25 net)**

The Lord's Return. By Jesse Forest Silver. The author, who is a premillennialist, gives in this volume the results of much research and an able study of "The Lord's Return." He believes that Jesus will return personally and visibly to the earth, and that his return is near. The history of the premillennial doctrine is traced down through the centuries; and what is regarded as the teaching of scripture to this effect is presented in concise form. It will astonish the average reader to learn how many of the theologians of the past have been premillennialists. This book is of special interest and value at a time when many Bible students are predicting the speedy return of Christ. That the world is approaching a great crisis of some kind is believed widely. Christ surely is coming. Is it to be more markedly a spiritual coming? Or, Is it to be in actual person, and visibily, as of old? This book shows why many believe that it will be the latter way. **(F. H. Revell Company, New York; $1.00 net)**

A Fourfold Test of Mormonism. By Henry C. Sheldon. This little volume by Professor Sheldon of Boston University is a timely one, for Mormonism is not a dead issue. The tests are the historical, the critical, the rational, the practical. Every candid, unprejudiced reader of this book, we are of opinion will admit that the study leads logically to the position of the author in the closing paragraph: "We are forced to the conclusion that Mormonism, in consideration of the conditions of its origin, the content of its teaching, and the facts of its history is entitled to but the scantiest respect. Its founder is convicted by the most decisive evidence of downright imposture. An element of self deception may have been combined with the imposture, but it certainly collides with a sane historical judgment not to admit the latter in full measure. In several of its most prominent doctrines Mormonism has exhibited a throughly retrogade tendency; and in its practical fruits it has rather refuted than in any wise justified its enormous pretensions. The honest devotion which many thousands of adherents have rendered to the Mormon system need not indeed be rated as religiously worthless; but it must be pronounced a great pity that the devotion has not centered upon a more worthy object." **(The Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, 50 cents net)**

Islamic Africa. By R. Burton Sheppard. Islam is the religion which has proved the hardiest foe of Christianity.

Throughout the world the people of Islam number not less than two hundred million. Africa's Moslem population is 59,000,000. Islam is growing rapidly there as elsewhere, for there is little moral demand to it, and it is easily followed. The spectacular figures largely in the spread of Islam in Africa. "The forms of prayer, the long flowing robes, the striking cap or fez are attractions to the simple-minded African, untrained and incapable of rational consideration of such religious appurtenances. A native goes to a service in the mosque is inevitably impressed with the spectacular in the forms of worship and dress, and the next day is ready to say 'I am a Mohammedan.'' Native Africans see only good in polygamy. Accordingly; when Christianity and Islam are presented together, Islam has the advantage of making fewer demand, polygamy by no means being the least advantage in this direction." Although this book especially presents a view of Africa as influenced by Islam it is also a study of the underlying principles of the religion, setting forth its excellences, and defects. **(Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, 75 cents net)**

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Since April 1st, contributions from California churches to the Ornental Missions have been reported month by month in the receipts of the American Missionary Association exactly as the receipts from other States. As a result the financial reports of the Pacific District office have been looking much better than formerly. For the month of August more than $1700 was reported to New York. As the year of the Association closes September 30th, church treasurers are urged to send in all sums available for the American Missionary Association, in order that the Coast may make the best possible showing in this first year of closer relations with the American Missionary Association.

The American Missionary Association reports that the receipts from churches and individuals in eleven months of their fiscal year have been $4,613.68 more than in the same period of the preceding fiscal year, about 3 per cent increase. There was, hovewer, a considerable falling off in legacies. Many people mean to put considerable sums of money into the work of the American Missionary Association, but defer the matter, or make their wills so vaguely that the missionary schools they wished to aid cannot receive their benefactions. Why not count it one of your luxuries to plan a large gift for one of the schools for the Negroes or the Southern Highlanders under the care of the American Missionary Association?

THE NEXT PACIFIC COAST CONGRESS.

It was decided that it should be held in California in 1915. Place not fixed. We believe the general opinion was that it should be in one of the San Francisco bay cities.

At the meeting in Portland the following named persons were selected as a committee of arrangements: Charles F. Aked, L. D. Rathbone, D. M. Fox, W. B. Thorpe, F. J. Van Horn, W. W. Scudder, Doremus Scudder, Arthur Smith and President Harada.

In consultation early this year with different coast ministers and laymen it was learned that the thought was that the best time for the congress would be early in August.

Inasmuch as only six of the committee named at Portland are on the coast, we are told by Dr. Van Horn, the chairman, that the co-operation of another committee would be welcomed, and that the Northern California Conference can add to the success of the congress by some forethought to that end—a co-operating committee.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity President Nash of Pacific Theological seminary will give an address on Preaching.

Professor Archer Hendrick, formerly dean of Whitman College, has been elected president of the University of Nevada. Dr. Hendrick has been away from Whitman for two years, and has been in business in Portland.

Dr. Aked speaks next Sunday evening in the Scottish Rite Auditorium on "The Red Flag and the Cross of Christ." This relates to the failure alike of International Socialism and European Christianity to prevent the great European war.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland has appointed a committee to arrange for the installation of Dr. Van Horn. The time probably will be the latter part of October, and at a time when Dr. Gladden can be in attendance.

The contribution of the First Congregational Church of Oakland to foreign missions this year is considerably above the apportionment. Including the $900 from the Ladies Missionary Society, $200 from the Guild, and $20 from the Sunday School, it is $4,403.07 according to most recent figures.

The Northern California Sunday School Association has arranged a Temperance Sunday program for October 4, with responsive readings on the liquor traffic and the use of alcohol. The service may be had of C. R. Fisher, 629 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

Dr. Brooks of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley has been giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on The Modern Spirit. Last Sunday evening the topic was "The Modern Spirit in Education." Next Sunday evening it will be "The Modern Spirit in Religion."

Dr. Washington Gladden is now at Riverside supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational Church while Mr. Porter is away on vacation. Dr. Gladden is to give the sermon at the dedication of Plymouth Church, Oakland in the afternoon of Sunday, October the 18th; also the sermon at the annual meeting of the Northern California Conferece on Tuesday evening, October the 20th.

The best address on Temperance I ever heard—was the general judgment expressed by those who heard Miss Marie Brehm at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on Monday. The present writer thought as he listened to it that no brewer or saloonist could hear it and not say deep down in his heart, "It is unanswerable, and there is no reason for the traffic other than the base one of money getting."

The First Congregational Church of Oakland issued a unique announcement card of Sunday services for September. On one side was a picture of Dr. Van Horn, the pastor, and the words "A New Face in an Old Place." On the other side were the topics of sermons and a few words betokening a hearty welcome to all comers. We notice thereon that Dr. Van Horn is to speak next Sunday morning on "The Church Experimenting with Socialism" and in the evening on ""The Parable of the Old Chestnut Tree."

Many people feel lost in their Bibles, they don't know where to turn for help and inspiration. Within the collection of Hebrew literature, which we call the Bible, there is an Inner Bible made up of great passages most immediately useful to personal religion.—So says Mr. Palmer to the people of Plymouth Church, Oakland, and announces two Wednesday evening addresses by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary on "The Devotional Use of the Bible." And then following these eight talks by Mr. Palmer himself on topics as follows: "The Rejoicing Texts, Patience under Criticism, Patience under Affliction, Physical Healing, The Conquest of Fear, Human Brotherhood, Our lives and the Life of God, Our Lives and Christ's. The first address by Dr. Nash is on Wednesday evening of this week.

The editor of The Pacific is in receipt of a letter from the Rev. George F. Haerle, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Lakeport, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church of Santa Rosa, from which quotation is made as follows: "About a dozen magazines and papers enter my home every week. To my great surprise only one of them gives a clear, safe and sane view of the war based upon a scientific analysis and historical facts. And that one is your paper. All the others are prejudiced and dare not speak the truth. The future revelations will not have to put your paper to shame. I am enclosing a check of $5 and would like to have you send me as many copies (since the war began) as you can spare. You are at liberty to publish this statement." We would not say as Mr. Haerle does that these other papers dare not tell the truth, or even that they all are prejudiced. Rather, that they fail to get at the underlying facts and causes. However, there can be no doubt that many editors do follow the crowd—cater to the **vox populi** as if it were the voice of God; give people what they desire, and make no effort to mould public sentiment for fear that some will say "Stop my paper!" No matter what recognition a careful writer may make of all sides of a question, no matter how earnestly he may attempt to be fair, no matter how fair he actually may be, there will be encountered those who want none of his writings because he presents that which they do not believe. Strange! But it is a fact! Some people do not want information nor careful reasoning. They want only that which will agree with their preconceived opinions.

The next annual Meeting of the Northern California Congregational Conference promises to be one of the best in the history of California Congregationalism. Among the persons listed for addresses are Secretary Herring of the National Council, Secrtary Swartz of the Home Missionary Society, Dr. Gladden, Drs. Aked, Van Horn and Buckham. Professor Rugh of the University of California will give an address on The Church and the coming Generation." The Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento, one on "Methods of Spiritual Culture." The Rev. T. T. Giffen of Fresno, on "What Is It To Be Spiritually Minded?" W. L. Dawson, on "The Outcome in Health, Happiness and Usefulness." These three are under the subject of "Culture of Personal Religion." Also the one by Professor Buckham on "The Realization of God in Personal experience." Dr. Van Horn's subject is, "The World's Need of Christian Young Manhood and Womanhood." Dr. Aked is to speak on "The Red Light Abatement Law." C. S. Stevens of Redwood on "California Dry." Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto on "Best Uses of the Lenten Season." Mr. Arthur Arlett on "What Constitutes an Efficient Board of Trustees." Mrs. A. L. Barry of Berkeley, a leader in Church and Club work among women, will give an address on "Ideals and Methods of Women's Organizations." And all this is by no means all. There will be addresses on such subjects as: "What is the Business of the Board of Deacons?" "The Eight Hour Law. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, The Work of the A. M. A." And some addresses by young people on "Backing Up the Church", "Social Service Activities", "Conduct of Meetings", "Prayer Meeting Topics", —under the theme "The Church's Young People", where is classed Dr. Van Horn's address, the subject of which has already been given. A devotional hour to be led by Dr. Herring, Secretary of the National Council, has been arranged for each day at 11 o'clock. You will want to attend this meeting. It will be in the new house of worship of Plymouth Church, Oakland, October 20-23.

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, First.—Fifteen persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion, all coming by letter.

Palo Alto.—Sunday evening, Sept. 6, the congregation listened to an especially helpful and instructive address by Prof. Geo. T. Tolson of Pacific Theological Seminary on "The more hopeful aspects of the war". With the opening of the University the church has responded to the influx of new life and all the various activities have started out with enthusiasm.

Saratoga.—Sunday Sept. 6th was an unusually fine day with the Saratoga Church. We had Rev. J. K. Browne of Turkey with us. At the morning service Mr. Browne's earnest message preceded the communion service. His words made the hearts of the Congregation more susceptible to the influences of that great Service of the Master. Rev. B. V. Bazata led this Communion Service. It was deeply impressive. Ordinarily the Saratoga church does not have an evening service but on Sept. 6th the choir was giving a little Musical Service and Dr. Browne kindly stopped over to address this service too. It was a fine complement to his morning sermon and made the whole day one to be remembered. The people of the Saratoga Church appreciate the coming of Dr. Browne and wish to express that appreciation through the columns of the Pacific.

Campbell.—The church at Campbell started their Rally Day by a "Camp Fire Social" the Friday night before. This was held in the spacious lot back of the church. At

one time fully 200 people were seated in the double circle of chairs or standing. A programme of solos, choruses, stories, jokes, with games filled the time. One feature of the evening was "Personal experiences in the war zone" by one of our Bible class teachers just returned from Europe with his family. The "Feed Committee" provided water melons, musk melons, apples and grapes on long tables and every one was invited to help themselves as often as they wished!—P. S. Everyone came to Sunday School next Sunday too!— Sunday was the beginning of the 12th year of Mr. Atkinson's service as Pastor. The church was crowded both morning and evening, with special exercises at both services. The Pastor took for his theme "what is that in thy hand?" Every one looks forward to a fall and winter of aggressive work. The two Bible classes presented the church with a fine large wall clock. And one of the members remembered the Pastor's wife with a purse of money. The church has ordered a generous supply of new hymn books. The Pilgrim Hymnal, and we hope to be using them soon.

Los Angeles Park.—Rev. A. W. Hare closed his pastorate with this Church Aug. 30. Coming to its relief at a time when it was in the depths of despond, he was able to give it only a portion of his time, as he has continued his practice of law. Yet the success with which he has led the work is remarkable. In a location which had become undesirable through changes in population, it was necessary to sell the lot and move to a new property. A skilled church builder, he has led in the construction of a beautiful and comfortable edifice at corner of Bellevue and Douglass. Meanwhile the congregation was worshipping in a store and the sifting process went sternly on. A splendid nucleus however is left, and located in the fine residence section of Angeleno Heights there is a clear and promising field. The people have valued the services of Mr. Hare and his talented wife exceedingly and showed it in a substantial way in a public reception recently. Not only has he well prepared the way for his successor who can give all his time to the work, but in a rarerly magnanimous and gracious spirit, he remains in the work to give his able support. Rev. Chester Ferris, coming from Corona where he labored seven years and more, began his pastorate with Park, Sept. 6. He will reside at 1415 Ridge Way.

North Congregational Church, Berkeley.—Sunday, September 5, the Rev. Samuel C. Patterson completed five years of service with the North Congregational Church, Berkeley. At the morning service of the 12th, he reviewed the period, of which the following is a brief resume: The community has not made nearly the growth it made in the preceding five years, the greatest growth being in the Northbrae region which is separated from this parish by a ridge which somewhat isolates it. When the pastorate began there was an Episcopalian Church one block east with a building, and a newly organized M. E. Church with no building. Today there are five churches in the community: Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Christian Science; all but the last having buildings. In addition, in the Northbrae region there is an Episcopalian Sunday School and a Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. Four of these organizations drew from this Sunday school and church, some of them quite heavily. When the pastorate began there was a membership of 299; of these 105 have been dismissed in various ways. Of an official staff of fifty, only six remain in office. Four Sunday-school teachers are still in harness. One person only remains in the Christian Endeavor Society. One hundred and eighty have been added to the church: sixty on confession of faith, and one hundred and twenty by letter. The present enrollment is 333, a net gain of thirty-four. This reveals one outstanding characteristic of the constituency—a constant flux. Five years ago the church owned a lot 135x70 at the corner of Oxford and Cedar streets. A building was situated on the rear end facing on Cedar street. The hope was to erect an auditorium on the corner. Sixty-five feet of this corner was sold and 135x75 was purchased west cornering on Walnut and Cedar streets. Upon this was erected an auditorium seating five hundred. The original building was altered and renovated and now is a well adapted house for Sunday-school and social purposes. The total cost of the lot and improvements was $22,800, not yet all paid. This puts the church into possession of a very well-equipped plant with facilities for the performance of such functions as come to a modern church. Sunday, September 5, was rally day in the Sunday-school. The attendance was 220. The Lord's Supper was celebrated at the morning service and eight were admitted to membership, two by confession of faith and six by letter, three of these being Chinese uniting with the Chinese Branch Church which is under the care of the North Church. The year opens most auspiciously with a definite program of work and a well organized official body.

WASHINGTON.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Rev. Joel Harper has returned to Denver, Col., after a month's acceptable preaching in his brother's church, Westminster, Spokane.

Dr. Thos. H. Harper has resumed full services in said church under favorable conditions. He plans for a vigorous winter's work, and there is promise of progress in all departments of the church. The doctor is one of the most active of the ministers in the city in efforts for state-wide prohibition, and his experience in Oklahoma is of great value.

Rev. Elmer E. Burtner has closed his services in Pilgrim church, Spokane. He and family have returned to their old home at Westerville, Ohio, where Mr. Burtner has accepted a call to the United Brethren church. He was graduated at Otterbein University, and also Yale Divinity School. Mr. Burtner is a fine young man, both intellectually and spiritually, and did good work in two difficult fields, Missoula, Mont., and Pilgrim Church, Spokane. We all wish him Godspeed in his new and enlarged field.

Rev. H. E. Hunt has closed his labors at Deary, Ida., after a year's service. He was instrumental in organizing a church and erecting a building at Avon, Ida.

Rev. Clayton Judy of Kellogg, Ida., declined the call from the Cheney church and is looking up the Okanogan field this week. Rev. H. E. Anderson has been on the Okanogan field, taking care of several churches for over a month.

Rev. Carl Veazie, of Corbin Park church, Spokane, is preaching a series of sermons on "Great Questions" this month. This church is making splendid progress.

Rev. J. P. Jokinson of Lidgerwood church, Spokane, is encouraged by increased audiences, and new life in the Christian Endeavor society. He is going to take up the work at Pasadena in the afternoons.

Rev. G. A. Traut has resigned at Rosalia, to take effect

in the near future. We hear that he expects to return to Iowa.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On Wednesday, September 2d, at 4:30 p. m., Rev. Plutarch Stewart Knight, of Salem, passed to his reward after an illness of about three weeks, precipitated by an accident while out driving. Mr. Knight was born in Massachusetts Oct. 21, 1836, and came across the plains to Oregon in 1853 with his parents, and the family first settled on a farm in what is now Clark county, Washington. Mr. Knight, having a mechanical turn, learned the trade of a carpenter and joiner, which meant a good deal more than the ability to saw a board in twain or drive a nail. In the early days of the country no carpenter could hold a job permanently unless he could make doors, sash, mouldings, and do all kinds of inside finishing. In the summer of 1859 he was employed by Lieut. Henry C. Hodges, U. S. A., Assistant Quartermaster at Fort Vancouver—or Columbia Barracks, as the post was then called—to do a lot of finishing work around the officers' quarters. The next year he assisted in building the "Middle Blockhouse," at the cascades of the Columbia river, for the purpose of defense from Indians, in the vicinity of which there were thirty-eight whites killed and wounded in March, 1856. It was at this point that Brevet Second Lieut. Philip H. Sheridan, First U. S. Infantry, had his first real military service in fighting Indians on March 26, 1856. Mr. Knight remained in the employ of the U. S. Assistant Quartermaster until the fall of 1856, and the last work he did was that of making the doors and window sash for the "Upper Blockhouse," the site of which was on the Washington side of the Columbia river, nearly due north of the western approach to the Cascade Locks as they exist at the present time.

In 1857 Mr. Knight went to Salem and soon afterwards became a student in Willamette University for two years, working at his trade as opportunity offered, in order to provide for his expenses. During this time he began studying law, and two years later was admitted to the bar. After that he put in a good deal of time at newspaper work. Through the influence of Rev. O. Dickinson, then pastor of the First Congregational Church of Salem, he became impressed with the belief that he ought to prepare himself for the ministry; whereupon he began his studies under the direction of Mr. Dickinson, and was licensed to preach in 1865 and ordained in March, 1866. He served the Oregon City Congregational Church from 1865 until April 1, 1867, when he became pastor of the Salem church, succeeding Rev. Mr. Dickinson. He served this church very acceptably for seventeen years, and was then called to the church at Corvallis, where he remained two years. Following that he organized and served the church at Eugene for two years, and then returned to Corvallis, remaining four years. During his pastorate at Salem he made a special study of institutions for the deaf and dumb, and for four years was the superintendent of the State Institution for the instruction of that unfortunate class. In addition to his organizing the Eugene Church, he was the organizer of the Salem Central and Willard churches, and the Rural Chapel, and was serving the two latter until within a few weeks of his death.

Mrs. Knight, to whom he had been married over fifty years, passed away a little over four years ago. He was the father of two daughters, both of whom are dead. He is survived by a sister, two brothers and two little granddaughters.

During his later years Mr. Knight was often called upon to officiate at weddings and funerals, the score of the former being 1332, while the latter would run into the hundreds.

The funeral occurred on the 5th instant and was conducted by Rev. P. F. Shrock, pastor of the Salem church, assisted by Rev. Geo. A. Paddack, D.D., Home Missionary Superintendent for Oregon.

Portland, Sept. 13, 1914.

A CRUSTY PROBLEM.

H. E. Partridge.

Said Uppercrust to Undercrust
  You're only a negation,
You're nothing but an undercrust,
  Of the tart I'm the whole equation."

Said Undercrust to Uppercrust
  "Your boast I'm sure of the deuce is,
If 'twasn't for the Undercrust
  The tart would lose all it's juices."

The Fruit and Sugar smiled and said:
  "O you crusty crusts are'nt in it,
If 'twasn't for the middle class
  The tarts would'nt stand a minute."

The eater called the cook to come
  And settle the crusty question,
"Unless this agitation stops
  I shall die of indigestion."

"The uppercrust and undercrust
  Are one," so the cook decided,
"It takes you all to make the kind
  Of tarts that are here provided."

Moral.

The world's a tart, and all the men,
  And women and boys and lasses
Are either top or undercrust
  Or else they are middle classes.

Let's not get proud and try to stir
  Any troublesome agitation,
For God, who never makes mistakes,
  Made every tribe and nation.

Norwalk, Cal.

AN APPEAL FROM INDIA.

The following appeal has been received by Robert E. Speer and forwarded by him to the Christian workers of the various Home Boards on the Pacific coast. It calls our attention to the great need.

"The Assembly has heard with great concern of the great number of people of India, largely from the Punjab, who have gone to the United States of America and Canada,

Our concern is lest they come under influences which will harden their hearts against the message of Christ and cause them to return to India embittered in spirit and estranged from the Church of Christ. In their behalf we are impelled to ask you, our Christian brethren, not to forget to put out a helping hand to these strangers among you. They will respond to your sympathy and appreciate your efforts in their behalf. It is not for us to tell you in what way you may help these strangers, countrymen of ours. We write to assure you that any help you give them will be a help to the Church of Christ in India.

"It has been suggested that we send missionaries from India (who know the language and ways of these people) to work among them. We are inclined to think that more can be accomplished by agencies carried on under the sympathetic guidance of pastors and sessions of the local churches where these strangers live.

"We ask that your boards of Home and Foreign Missions bring to the attention of your Presbyteries, Sessions and pastors the great opportunity thus offered them of uniting with us in winning the people of India to love and worship and serve the Lord Jesus. The blessing of many ready to perish will come upon them and, better than this, the blessing of our Lord and Master, who in the days of his flesh dwelt in Asia, will be theirs when at last he says, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' "

Signed by order of the Assembly,

HARNAM SINGH AHLUWALIA, Moderator.

J. F. Steel, Stated Clerk.

The Home.

HOW WOMEN BECOME MORBID AND HOW THEY CAN GET OVER IT.

Juliet Virginia Strauss.

There is no use denying that women are strongly inclined to be morbid, to put the worst foot foremost, to cross bridges before they come to them, and to predict general carnage and slaughter for the family. There are several causes for this, each and every one of them sufficient in itself to excuse the women to a person who understands —the worst of it being that there are so few who really understand. Few persons who are not nervous understand "nerves." Then there are many persons, especially men, who are terribly nervous and do not know it—and these are the persons who have least patience with a nervous woman.

I believe that in time to come we shall understand more about "nerves," and we shall learn not to attribute contemptuously so much of woman's excitability, melancholy and morbidness to "nerves," as if it were something she could easily remedy if she would just make the effort.

When I was a child I heard a great deal about hysterics. Our folks were chronic doubters. They were really intensely emotional, but they grudged others the luxury of being so; consequently they easily saw in a mourner's grief or in an invalid's languor the "hysterics" it was such a disgrace to have. My mother was suddenly left a widow with four small children when she was twenty-eight years old. There was just a tiny bit of "property." Mother remained with her husband's folks, who "hectored" her unmercifully and marked out for us girls a narrow path hedged by "prunes and prisms"' which had we all followed it, would have resulted in the writer of these lines being a single person of uncertain age, and perhaps of the type that I once heard a great preacher describe as a woman who made you nervous when she was around and kept you nervous when she wasn't for fear she might come around.

Fortunately we did not follow the prescribed path, and we learned nearly all we know by doing things our strict aunts told us not to do. My aunts used to take me out privately and tell me that Mother had hysterics. I don't know about that. It is true Mother would lie down on the bed and cry sometimes; or, worse still, just lie quietly with her hands clenched, her lips set and her big gray eyes quite dry and strained-looking. But this was not very often nor for long at a time. Soon she would arise and gather us little ones to her knees and begin telling us stories or reading our lessons, or trying on the little frocks she was making for us out of the voluminous back breadths of our aunts' discarded gowns, which were made very full to cover the hoopskirts they wore.

I do not believe that Mother had hysterics. I think she just lost mental control for a little. But perhaps that is what hysterics means. You may draw your own conclusions as to whether she was justified in this. The aunts thought she should "bear up" better—but then they never were married to the man they loved, nor saw him suddenly lie down and pass away in the prime of his manhood. They always insisted that it was quite as hard on them, he being their brother, but somehow I think it was different; although to be sure I never knew a brother's love—the only brother I ever had was six weeks old when Father died. He, too, died as soon as God thought Mother could bear it after Father was gone.

But the strangest thing about hysterics is that I have seen women have them much worse than Mother had them, if she did have them. I have seen women have hysterics over a new hat or a cross word or a trifling disappointment, and I really think there is a difference; though to be sure, when one has lost mental control the condition is the same no matter what induces it. I am persuaded that women have hysterics far less than they used to.

What has become of the fainting fit? Do women have these fits any more? They used to be quite popular, and it was quite the thing for a refined woman to faint at the breaking of bad news or at the sight of blood. Now we "brace up" to all sorts of things—and this proves that woman is advancing in reason and self-control. Personally I have never yet screamed nor fainted. Some day I may faint, but I shall never scream. You are either a screaming woman or you are not; screamers are born, not made.

I have been a little jealous sometimes, in accidents or emergencies, to see the men run after the other women and coddle them up, leaving me to shift for myself. Nobody ever says to me, "Don't be frightened"; they just say brusquely: "Here, hold this horse," "Take hold of this horse," "Take hold of this board," "Hand me that pail of water," "Drop this chloroform"—and I do it. I wouldn't mind this so much if I were big, but I'm little—or was before I got "stout."

It used to be considered ladylike to exhibit weakness, a token of refined sensibility—and I think the men rather encouraged us in this. A man distinctly enjoys being the braver and stronger—especially before marriage. I have heard men who couldn't endure the sight of tears in the eyes of their sweeathearts coldly command them to "Dry up!" when they showed signs of weeping several years later. I say this without bitterness; a woman is a fool if

she cannot learn to laugh at man's naive and unconscious change from the lover attitude to that of the husband.

There is much in our present domestic life to foster morbidness in women, and to encourage them in the egoism that seems to be running to seed among us. Some years ago the woman was called on rather suddenly to justify her existence. Before that time she hadn't thought much about it, she had just accepted things; but somebody got up the doctrine that each of us was created for something special, and I really wish he hadn't, for it's made us all so restless, and we keep asking: "What was I created for?" And often there does not seem to be any answer.

The worst of this comes in when we decide that we were created for something better than anything we have. This is woman's favorite grievance at life, and really there seems to be some justification in it; for why, unless we were intended for something finer, do we have such intense longings? Why do we wish for fine and dainty underwear, the feel of soft silk touching the skin, for clean sheets on the bed every day, and a spotless tablecloth fresh every meal? Men, in the common walks of life, never think of these things. They are grandly contented with "roughing it." They like to wash their faces in the tin wash-basin on the back porch and dry them on the roller-towel, and sit down to the table in the kitchen and eat off the red tablecloth—and we hate them if they don't.

Deliver me, if you please, from the dainty man. I've known a few big men. They all, without exception, hold the little niceties of social etiquette and the dainty arrangement of living appointments very lightly. They hark back easily and naturaly to the primitive—they could not be great if they did not. There is in them a large comprehension of things that accepts life as it is, making them at home in the superfine quarters of the elegant hotel, in the millionaire's private residence, the cowboy's ranch or the plain farmhouse of the Middle West. Whenever a man becomes entirely devoted to luxurious ways of living his virility, mental and physical, is deteriorating.

What is the matter with women then? What makes them long for things, and grow bitter and morbid because they can't have them? Why, does the cook want a willow-plume, and the renter's wife on a farm wish for high-heeled shoes and lace curtains, and bitterly resent it if her husband's employer's wife doesn't make her her boon companion? It is because there is an undeveloped spot in the female understanding—especially in the understanding of the American female who has never learned the relative value of things.

We women, above all creatures, need a wise and kind teacher to guide our aspirations, to tell us what we want.

I am persuaded lately that women are beset by a vicious little microbe of false ambition; and I hope there is a cure for this microbe, and that we, the plain women of the United States of America, may find it. If we were rid of it we should be cured of much of our hysteria, much of our morbidness, much of our self-pity.

We have been wrongly taught. The young girl is allowed to believe that there is no bar to her possibilities, and she grows up without the proper respect for the natural divisions of society, which, though not marked out for us definitely as they are in England and other more stable countries, are still as actual as the isothermal lines that circle the world. I believe there is nothing on the earth so impudent as our American claim of social equality.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and to form a totally false notion of love. They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to enslave the opposite sex, before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love, or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it; Why should one woman have luxury, ease, travel, society and fine clothes, and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation? This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but I have one answer that I always make to the woman who puts this problem up to me. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere, and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.

But simple as this secret is the vast majority of persons never learn it, for it lies in the bare boards of the threshold, the plain walls of the cottage, the shining zinc top of the kitchen table. It grows in the grapevines, it blooms in the common flower beside the garden paling. You hear it in the cheerful voice of the kind, brave father who is working, roughly enough, maybe, for wife and little ones; you see it every time you look into a patient, courageous face—oh, it is a beautiful thing. Yet there are so many rich and poor who never learn it. These great secrets of life are always very difficult to put into words, but the thing I am axious to tell you about today, if you happen to be a woman tossed about with regrets and wonderings and rebellions against Fate, is that first of all you must face the truth. You must stop pretending to yourself and to every one else. But you must be very sure what the truth is. Women are desperately fond of fixing up a stage sort of truth and facing it like Lady Macbeth. They like to say that their husbands do not love them, that life is a gray-walled prison with no joy, no outlet for them. But this is not the truth. The blue sky is over us all—there are few who cannot get at least a peep at it. You have no right to assume grief and tragedy and pathos. The fact is, those who have the best claim on these things very rarely succumb to them. The plain truth about all of our lives is this: We can substitute beauty for ashes if we try hard enough.

The very first thing to do, wherever you are, is to make the place clean. The next is to dispose of every fussy, ugly, superfluous thing. You must learn that all cheap finery is an imitation of something—and if we are to be worthy, if we are to be real, we must stop imitating. If you find yourself wishing for something like what your rich neighbor has, recognize at once the presence of the bad mircrobe, and kill it out! Know definitely what you can have and what you cannot have. Assume mental control and keep it; it is really a voluntary thing. The mind is like a child or a horse—it will get the better of you if you give it rein. It is when you "fly the track" from the thing you are doing that the morbid thought creeps in, that the hysterical, despondent impulse has its way.

There are two definite things that all men and women can do for their own betterment: They can quietly, strongly get up and leave the environment, or they can stay and improve it. The latter is always the better course, because whenever you improve a spot in God's creation you help the whole world and work with God Himself. So I say that the woman who beautifies a plain little dooryard, or glorifies with cleanliness and sweet religious peace a poor little house, is

greater than one who writes a book or distinguishes herself in the arts. Art is at its height when any one with earnest purpose is making a place or a life beautiful. But what is beautiful? This is the thing so many of us need to learn. And we need to learn it in a practical way.

The average American husband knows or cares very little about beauty. Now we women think we naturally crave beauty, but do we? Why then is there so much that is tawdry, shoddy, garish, in the market? Does not the demand create the supply? Are we not ignorantly anxious for the gilt and silk and lace imitations of things entirely unsuited to us in our little homes? And are we not, too, eager for a cheap mental diet, a skimming of great questions which few persons, if any, really understand, imagining that our shallow talk about them makes us intellectual? Are we not very shoddy, too, in our use of such words as "aristocratic," "prominent," "great," etc.? Why is it that we love to tell our children that we come to an aristocratic family when we our children that we come of an aristocratic families America can boast of?

All these misunderstandings of things make women's little tragedies for them. The woman pictures herself as a fine creature and fit for better things; wedded to a man who must work with his hands and cannot thus be the "gentleman" she sees herself fit for. Why does she spend her time being fit for the man she hasn't got and never will have, instead of adjusting herself to the one she has? There are enough real heartaches in the world without manufacturing any more. If you are suffering over your station in life, the lack of things you want, the longing to associate with different persons, stop it—it is the merest hysteria, the plain lack of mental control.

All of us are commanders if we only knew it. All the great forces of life are the invisible forces. Ghosts and goblins would carry us off if we would let them. We have learned better than to believe in them. Let us learn to disbelieve in a lot of other things we now cherish as troubles.—Ladies Home Journal.

For The Children.

TREES THAT CAME IN A POCKET.

The orchard was so lovely in its dress of pink, with tiny bits of green showing here and there, that Daisy, walking with grandmother between the rows and rows of great, spreading trees, felt as if she had stepped into fairyland.

"And to think," exclaimed grandmother, stopping to look about her, "that I once carried this whole orchard in my pocket all the way from the state of Ohio!"

"Why, gran'ma!" cried Daisy in a shocked voice, "you couldn't get the very littlest tree in your biggest pocket."

And she looked up at her grandmother in much perplexity. Could it be that this dear person with the snow-white puffs of hair, the bit of lace at her neck, and the soft, silvery dresses that made her seem so much a queen, had taken to telling things that were not true? How very dreadful! For what could it be but a story when grandmother said she had carried an orchard in her pocket? Think of it!

But grandmother, seeing the shocked look on Daisy's little face, only smiled and said: "The way it happened, Daisy, was this. I had just married your grandfather back in Ohio, and he brought me out here to Illinois to live. The country was then a wilderness and there was not a sign of a house within three miles of where we built our cabin.

"I brought from Ohio everything I could think of that I knew we should need. Now, at my father's home we had a fine large orchard and I had saved seeds out of all the different kinds of aples that grew in it. When we started on our trip I tied them all in a little bag that I tucked in my pocket. Then, after I got to my new home and the ground was cleared, I planted my seeds, and when they sprouted I tended the little trees almost as if they had been so many babies.

"I kept the weeds down, stirred the earth at the roots of the trees and carried water from the creek when they grew dry and thirsty. You have no idea how delighted I was to see them grow.

"But how long do you suppose I had to wait, dear, before I picked the first apple off those trees?"

"I 'spect it was a month," guessed Daisy, her eyes very wide and bright with interest in this true story.

Grandmother laughed.

"No, not a month, but seven whole years I waited for that first apple. It was a big yellow bellflower, so ripe and juicy that it was worth waiting seven years for.

"Well, your grandfather had a piece and I another and the rest I divided between your father and your Uncle Dave. My babies grew faster than my apples did."

"Oh, gran'ma," laughed Daisy, "I wish you'd saved a piece for me! And—and I'm sorry I thought your beautiful story was a naughty one."

"I know another more beautiful still," mused grandmother, "about the orchard that my orchard grew out of.

"There was once a strange man who came to Ohio when it was still a wilderness. People called him 'Johnny Appleseed,' because he carried apple seeds with him and wherever he went, up and down the land, he would select some favored spot near a stream of water where the grass grew abundantly and there he would plant some of his precious apple seeds.

"In the course of time these seeds grew into big apple-bearing orchards; and many a man of those days who drove into Ohio with his family and all his household goods tucked away in a big canvas-covered wagon, selected the spot of land on which he built his home just because he found there one of these orchards that Johnny Appleseed had planted for the good of mankind.

"Some folks thought Johnny was crazy because year after year he did nothing but tramp up and down and everywhere along the pleasant streams of the new wild Ohio carrying that pack of seeds. But I never think of Johnny but I bless the old man's kind heart for this orchard that you see—the orchard that I carried in my pocket from Ohio and which came from that older orchard sprung from the seeds of Johnny Appleseed's planting.

"And so you see, Daisy, darling"—and grandmother's voice grew very tender as she stood looking up among the bursting pink bloom—"how strong and fine and beautiful a thing may grow out of a tiny, tiny seed. We are all of us sowing seeds in one way and another. The words we speak, the deeds we do for one another, are all little seed specks that we sow in the world about us. And it is very possible for them to grow into things quite as big and beautiful and useful to men as any that ever came out of Johnny's pack."

"Oh, gran'ma," cried Daisy in delight, "that's just what the song says about

"'Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love.'"

She clapped her hands joyously. "I'm just going to fill all my pockets full of seeds and sow them wherever I see a spot; then maybe I'll grow an orchard 'most as splendid as Johnny's."—Della Dimmitt.

FOLKS IS FOLKS.

Folks is purty much alike
Wherever dey is met.
We's travelin' down de same old pike,
In sunshine or regret.

We wants about de same to eat;
De same old songs we sings;
We has de same old joys complete
An' same old sorrowings.

De proud man sits 'way up on high;
De humble man sits low;
But over each dar shines de sky;
For each de flowers grow.

Some men may reap where others plow;
Rewards is ne'er exact,
But folks is folks, no matter how
Dey tries to hide de fact.

The drink traffic is a menace to everything for which the church stands. It destroys the peace and happiness of the home life. Sam Jones noticed a dilapidated fellow in tears while he was making a temperance speech. He afterwards called to see Mr. Jones, and said: "I don't want any money. Money would do me no good, I am a ruined man; drink has made me a wreck. A short time ago I had a happy home. A few weeks since I buried my wife, having broken her heart before she died. My two boys are at the orphans' home in Nashville, one of them blind. And my two girls are in Murfreesboro. I thought by the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me." In a short time, acting as Mr. Jones prescribed, he was reclaimed, teaching a school, and living in a rented house, happy with his children.

The great business of man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.—Pliny.

One of the greatest paradoxes of life lies in the fact that you can't make both ends meet simply by keeping straight.

If you treat a man like a dog you can't very well complain if you are bitten.

Life is too short, but you'll find it shorter before long.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

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